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THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.

NEW YORK.

At length in New York—a city I had long wished to see, and to which the eyes of all Europe are directed as the actual metropolis of the New World. Arriving in this important emporium by railway, the city was taken at a certain disadvantage; for a true impression of the real character of its position can be obtained only when it is reached by sea. It is a very curious thing that nobody till he sees it, can properly understand the situation of New York. Accounts of it are not clear. Our minds are perplexed by two opposite circumstances. The city is said to be on an island—the island of Manhattan—and yet is connected with the mainland. I now got rid of this mystification.

Coming by railway down the left bank of the Hudson, which is seen to expand into a fine broad estuary, with the picturesque elevations of New Jersey on the opposite shore, the train ran directly into the town; having crossed a narrow strait, which, according to topographers, makes the promontory on which New York is situated an island. As if, however, there was no end to the confusion of ideas on the subject, the Hudson, which is, in reality, on the west of the promontory, is locally spoken of as North River; a narrow arm of the sea which separates New York from Long Island is called East River; and the strait, little better than an artificial canal, which stretches from North River to East River, is named Harlem River. The island of Manhattan, so formed by this environment of water, is about thirteen miles in length, by at most two in breadth, and terminates at its southern extremity in a narrow and level slip of ground, known as the Battery. From this defensible point the city has crept gradually northwards, covering the whole island in its progress, and is already from three to four miles long, with plans of extension that will finally carry it to the limits of the island, and, it may be, far beyond.

Reaching the city by a back-way, as it may be called, we have the opportunity of seeing the worst side first—straggling half-built streets, with shabby stores, lumber-yards, heaps of rubbish, petty wooden houses, and a general aspect of disorder. At an assigned point the train stopped, and I imagined we had reached the principal terminus. No such thing. The delay was only to detach the locomotive, and to take the train piecemeal into town by horses. And so, drawn by a team of four horses at a trot, the car in which I was seated went smartly up one street and down another—the rails being laid in the causeway—till we reached the heart of the busy metropolis. Attaining the place of disembarkation at last, a scene

of indescribable confusion ensued, and I began to experience the effects of those imperfect police arrangements for which New York unfortunately suffers in general estimation. No cabs of the ordinary kind, but hackney-carriages with two horses, presented themselves for hire; and the drivers seemed to be at liberty to do what they liked. After engaging one of them, the driver thrust another person in upon me, though bound for a different hotel; and I had considerable difficulty in at length inducing another driver to take me solus to my destination—the Astor House. I may say once for all, that on other occasions I had the same annoyance with the New York hackney-coachmen, who appear to stand at the lowest point in the scale of a class admitted to be troublesome in every community.

Months previously, I had heard of the difficulty of procuring accommodation in any hotel in New York, and had adopted the precaution of bespeaking a room at the Astor, through a friend in the city. With nothing, therefore, to fear on this score, I was fortunate in at once finding myself settled in one of the largest and best-conducted hotels, and at liberty to study the working of a class of establishments which transcend anything of the kind in England, and are about the chief wonder in a country celebrated for the gigantic scale of its operations.

At the first look, we see that New York very much resembles the more densely-built parts of London. The houses, tall, and principally of brick, are crowded into narrow streets, such as are seen in the neighbourhood of Cheapside, with the single difference, that many of the buildings are occupied in floors by different branches of business, with a profusion of large sign-boards in front. For the most part, the houses have sunk floors, accessible by a flight of steps from the foot-pavement; and these cellar-dwellings are very commonly used for some kind of small business, or as 'oyster saloons,' or 'retreats'—the names considerably employed to signify taverns and grogeries. Wherever any of these older brick edifices have been removed, their place has been supplied by tenements built of brown sandstone; and it may be said that at present New York is in process of being renewed by this species of structure, which is elegant in appearance, but, I fear, less substantial in many respects than a regard for security warrants. The more narrow thoroughfares are at the same time widened and paved according to modern taste. The more ancient, though much changed part of the city in which the throng of business chiefly prevails, is confined to the southern division, stretching from the Battery a mile northwards; and within this quarter the breadth occupied from the North to the East river is seemingly about the same as that from the

Thames to Holborn—a limited space, which necessitates the continual pressure northwards, as well as an escape to the opposite shores of the two bounding waters.

Though limited as to breadth, no site could have been more happily selected for a great commercial city. The peninsula, if it may be so called, rises just as much towards the middle as admits of easy drainage, and in front and on both sides is environed with tidal waters, which present accommodation for any quantity of shipping. Through the centre of the city lengthwise runs Broadway—the Fleet Street and Strand of New York—and going down any of the cross-streets on either hand from this leading channel of intercourse, we soon come to a quay, presenting a line of houses on one side of a busy thoroughfare, and a crowd of steam-boats and shipping on the other. The city, therefore, so far as it can be, is surrounded by maritime traffic. Nor could any situation be better chosen for defence. Approachable from the Atlantic by vessels of the largest burden, its prospect towards the ocean is intercepted by a semi-circle of islands, which, fortified and commanding the beautiful bay which fronts the city on the south, give a certain degree of security to the position.

Hampered as to space, New York has no room for villas; and in this respect there is a marked difference between it and our English cities. Those among the more affluent orders who dislike living in streets, require to proceed by ferry-steamers across either of the two bounding waters, and on the opposite shores find spots for ruralising. The narrowest ferry is that across East River to Brooklyn and Williamsburg, on Long Island, now becoming thickly settled with a population more or less connected with New York. The wider ferries on the North River communicate with the state of New Jersey, which is pleasantly fringed with towns and villas; the two most prominent places being Jersey city and Hoboken. The vessels employed on these ferries are doubtless the finest of their class in the world. They resemble floating-platforms, sufficiently large to accommodate several carriages in the middle part, and are provided with well-warmed rooms for foot-passengers at the sides. They respectively pass to and fro every five or ten minutes, and as the charge to Brooklyn is only a cent, and that to New Jersey but three cents, they command an immense traffic. Still further to relieve the pressure of population in New York, steamers are constantly plying to and from Staten Island, which is situated about five miles distant, at the mouth of the bay; and the scattered villas along the sloping shores of this fine island are more like what one sees in England, or on the banks of the Clyde, than anything else in America. The channel between Staten Island and the southern extremity of Long Island, is called the Narrows, through which vessels inward-bound proceed from the Atlantic, and so reach the spacious landlocked bay, with its magnificent harbourage.

With so favourable a situation for external traffic, and reposing on a river which is navigable for 150 miles, New York has attracted to itself a population of about 600,000, and is the port of disembarkation for nearly 300,000 immigrants annually from every country in Europe. Forming a central point for American and European commerce, a vast trade pours through this city, and is thence radiated by river, canal, and railway to the great West. In the amount of tonnage of vessels, exports and imports, transactions in floating capital,

wealth, social importance, and munificence of institutions, New York keeps considerably ahead in the United States; and the traveller who has in remembrance its rise from small beginnings so late as the seventeenth century, will not fail to be struck with its present proportions.

The principal object of curiosity in or about New York, is the Croton Aqueduct, which few strangers miss seeing. The works connected with this great undertaking are on a scale which reminds us of the stupendous aqueducts of the ancient Romans. Bringing water from a distance of forty miles, and requiring in their course a lofty bridge across Harlem River, the works cost 14,000,000 dollars, or near upon £5,000,000 sterling—an immense sum to raise from public rates to supply a city with water. The discharge of water is stated at 60,000,000 of gallons per diem; and even this large quantity is not more than is required. Having visited this marvel in engineering, little remains to attract curiosity. Interest is centered in Broadway, and mainly towards its southern extremity. Hereabouts are the handsomest public buildings, the finest stores, some of the largest hotels, and the greatest throng of passengers. At about half a mile from the Battery, we have on the line of Broadway an opening called the Park, which though only a railled-in patch of ground, with a few trees and foot-paths through it, is a very acceptable breathing spot in the midst of everlasting bustle.

Some traveller speaks of the buildings of Broadway as being a mixture of poor wooden structures and splendid edifices. There may be a few houses of an antiquated class, but any such general description is totally inadmissible in the present day. We see for the greater part of its length, a series of high and handsome buildings, of brown sandstone or brick, with several of white marble and granite. Some of the stores and hotels astonish by their size and grandeur. Rising to a height of five or six stories, with a frontage of 150 to 300 feet, and built in an ornamental style of architecture, these edifices are more like the palaces of kings than places for the transaction of business. New York, it seems, is celebrated for its extensive dealings in 'dry goods,' the common phrase for all kinds of clothing and haberdashery; and its shops or stores for the retail of these articles are of most extraordinary dimensions. Stewarts' Store, a huge building of white marble, adjoining the Park, on Broadway, is pointed out as the largest of these concerns; and the amount of business done in it is stated to be above 7,000,000 of dollars per annum. It is useless, however, in a place of such rapid change and improvement, to point out any edifice as excelling another. In various parts of Broadway and Bowery, large and elegant buildings are springing into existence at a cost perfectly startling; and so great is the rise in the value of property and the increasing expense of conducting business, that I should fear things are going a little too far for the ultimate benefit of the city, at least as regards manufacturing industry. One of the latest opened of the new and gorgeously fine structures, is Taylor's Restaurant—an establishment, some will think, much too fine for the uses to which it is put. Another of the new buildings is that occupied by Appleton & Co., publishers; its extent and grandeur contrasting curiously with the dingy holes and corners in which the publishers of London carry on their business. The activity displayed in resolving upon and completing

any scheme of improvement in this great city, pervades every branch of affairs. In conducting business, there is no pause, and, as circumstances shew, sometimes too much hurry. There is, however, in every department of commerce, a stimulus to action, arising from the vast demands of a country growing so rapidly in population and wealth. An instance of this came under my notice at the great fire which consumed the printing and publishing establishment of the Messrs Harpers. Perceiving that the whole of the steam-presses were consumed, and no means left for carrying on operations on the spot, a party connected with the firm, and while the fire was still burning, sent off by electric-telegraph to engage all the available presses of Buffalo and Cincinnati! In New York, so valuable is time, and so speedily are decisions come to, that on the very next day after a fire, we may observe builders engaged in the work of reconstruction. American minutes would seem almost to be worth English days!

Without a court, and not even the seat of the state legislature, New York cannot be said to be the place of residence of a leisured or a numerous literary class. Its more opulent inhabitants, connected some way or other with business, form, nevertheless, an aristocracy with refined tastes, and ample means for their gratification. Advancing northwards from the more busy parts of the town, the elegance and regularity of the houses become more conspicuous, and at last we find ourselves in the quietude and splendour of a Belgravia. Here the edifices are entirely of brown sandstone, and of a richly decorated style of street architecture; all the windows are of plate-glass; and the door-handles, plates, and bell-pulls silvered, so as to impart a chaste and light effect. The furnishings and interior ornaments of these dwellings, particularly those in Fifth Avenue, are of a superb kind; no expense being apparently spared as regards either comfort or elegance. In one mansion where I experienced the most kindly hospitality, the spacious entrance-hall was laid with tassellated marble pavement; the stair and balustrades were of dark walnut-wood; one of the apartments was panelled in the old baronial fashion; and in a magnificent dining-room, the marble chimney-piece, with exquisitely carved figures illustrative of Burns's *Highland Mary*, cost, as I understood, as much as 1500 dollars. The influx of German and French artists to New York, was alluded to as affording means for effecting everything desirable in decorative art, and of excluding the necessity for importing English ornaments. Perhaps it is worth while to add, that New York is not destitute of the means for supplying coats-of-arms to those who desire such decorations for their carriages, seals, and other articles. There is, indeed, no heralds' college here or elsewhere in the States; but I observed in Broadway an establishment where coats-of-arms are furnished as a matter of business; and in the shelves of the principal booksellers, works on the British peerage and baronetage are about as common as they are in England.

Passing over any notice of the churches of New York—some of them with handsome spires, and generally picturesque in effect—and also the banks, theatres, and other public structures, the edifices most worthy of attention are the hotels. It has been incidentally stated, that the hotel-system of the United States is of a peculiar character. I found that it had crossed the frontier into Canada; but in no part of that province had it attained full-blown maturity. Properly speaking, the American hotels are boarding-houses, and consist of two distinct departments—one for ladies and families, and the other for single gentlemen. All are alike

welcome to come, stay, or go, as suits their pleasure; the charge being specific at so much per day, whether the guests attend meals or not, by which means every one knows to a fraction beforehand how much he will have to pay. We could hardly picture to ourselves a greater contrast than that between an old country and an American hotel. The two things are not in the least alike. Arriving at an inn in England, you are treated with immense deference, allowed the seclusion of a private apartment, charged exorbitantly for everything, and, at departure, curtsied and bowed out at the door, as if a prodigious favour had been conferred on the establishment. In the United States, things are managed differently. The Americans, with some faults of character, possess the singular merit of not being exclusive, extortionate, or subservient. But where all travel, hotel-keepers can afford to act magnanimously. Instead of looking to a livelihood from a few customers, scheming petty gains by running up a bill for the use of candles, firing, and other conveniences, and smoothing everything over by a mercenary bow, the proprietor of an American hotel is a capitalist at the head of a great concern, and would despise doing anything shabby; hundreds pour into and out of his house daily; he notices neither your coming nor going; without ceremony you are free of the establishment; and when you pay and depart, there are no bows, no thanks—but you are not fleeced; and that is always felt to be a comfort.

In recollection, I am at this moment arriving at the Astor House, one of the most respectable hotels in New York, though outdone in dimensions and decoration by some of the newer establishments. Before me is a huge building of whitish granite, with a front on Broadway of 200 feet, a height of six stories, and forming altogether an independent block, with rows of windows on every side. The ground-floor consists entirely of retail-stores of various kinds, and ascending by a central flight of steps, we reach a spacious lobby with marble flooring and pillars. This lobby is strewn about with luggage newly arrived, or about to be carried out; young men are lounging about on chairs; some persons are walking to and fro; several house-porters are seated on a form waiting for orders; long corridors are extended right and left; opposite the entrance is an access to the bar and other conveniences; and near a window behind is a counter and desk where the whole book-keeping is conducted by a clerk or general supervisor of the concern. Walking up to this functionary, we inscribe our name in a book; without speaking a word, he marks a number opposite the name, takes down a key with a corresponding number in brass attached to it, issues an order to a porter, and we and our baggage march off along one of the corridors and up several stairs till we reach the assigned apartment.

Here, on looking round, everything is neat and commodious; and on the back of the door is seen a printed statement of particulars requisite to be known—the times of meals, the charge per diem, and so forth. The number of apartments in the house is 326; a portion of them being bedrooms of a better class for families and ladies, and the others of the small kind appropriated to single gentlemen. These classes are distinct in every respect. Descending to the level of the entrance-hall, we search out an eating-saloon, and parlours devoted principally to the single male guests, and in the opposite corridor is observed a suite of public apartments used by ladies and married people, yet not shut against casual visitors. There is, in truth, little privacy. The whole house swarms like a hive. The outer swing-door bangs backwards and forwards incessantly; and the rapid thronging of guests and visitors in and out, can be fancied when I mention that, on several occasions, I counted as many as twenty persons entering and the like number departing per minute. Resembling in certain details the larger

continental hotels, there is, generally speaking, nothing at all to compare with this in Europe.

Among the novel parts of the system are the arrangements in the family and lady department. Here, we find ourselves in a kind of elysium of princely drawing-rooms and boudoirs, in which velvet, lace, satin, gilding, rich carpets and mirrors, contribute to form a scene of indescribable luxury. What strikes us as rather remarkable, is the fact that the doors of these various sitting-apartments are generally wide open. I saw this everywhere. Passing by, you see highly-dressed ladies reposing on satin couches, or lolling in rocking-chairs. One, who has just come in, and still has on her bonnet and shawl, is rattling over the keys of a piano. Another is reading a novel. Several are outside in the corridor, seated on velvet-covered ottomans, talking to each other or to the gentlemen belonging to their party. These corridors are every whit as elegantly furnished as the rooms, and are jocularly spoken of as 'the flirtation-galleries,' on account of their qualities as places of general resort and conversation. Another recommendable quality they possess, is their comparative coolness. The drawing-rooms, leading from them, are kept so hot by staring red fires of anthracite coal, that I am at a loss to understand how the temperature can be endured.

What between dressing, lounging about the suit of drawing-rooms and flirtation-galleries, and attending at meals in the saloons, the lady-guests of these hotels have little time for miscellaneous occupation. Some of them appear in a different dress at every meal, and, in point of elegance and costliness of attire, they went beyond anything in my poor experience, except at full-dress evening-parties and balls. In the more moderate class of hotels, this attention to costume is less conspicuous, and the ladies unceremoniously take their seats at the top of the table common to all the guests. In such houses, however, as the Astor, families and ladies usually take their meals in a saloon by themselves; and when there are children, they likewise have their own special table-d'hôte. The mention of children in such establishments is not suggestive of pleasing recollections. Everywhere, these youngsters are a sore trial of temper to the guests generally. Flying up and down the passages with hoops, yelling, crying, and tumbling about in everybody's way, they are clearly out of place, and constitute an unhappy and outre feature in American hotel-life.

It need not be supposed, because families and children are seen to be domesticated in hotels, that this kind of housekeeping is carried to any great length. Young persons, for a few years after being married, and families in town for the winter, are the principal inmates of the class; though it must be admitted that other circumstances give a bias towards this method of living. Probably something is due to that choice of viands cooked in first-rate style, which could not be obtained in a separate establishment unless at a very high cost. The French cuisine predominates, and the profusion of dishes mentioned in the bills of fare put before guests, is such as cannot fail to astonish those who in England are fain to dine off a single joint. The entire charge for board and lodging, service included, in the Astor House, was two dollars and a half, equal to 10s. English, per diem, for a single individual. This is a common charge at the best hotels; in a few instances the charge being as high as three, and sometimes as low as one or two dollars.

Breakfast from eight to ten, dinner at three, and tea at seven, was the routine at the table-d'hôte of the Astor; on each occasion, about 200 guests sitting down at three long and well-served tables. Here, again, though looking for it day after day, did I fail, as on previous occasions, to see the slightest approach to hurried eating; and as until the last moment of my stay in America I never saw such a thing, I am bound, so

far as my observation goes, to say that the national reproach on this score, if it ever was true, is so no longer. Calling for dishes, by printed bills of fare, a custom now all but universal, in reality renders any scramble unnecessary. So far from being hurried, any man may draw out his dinner for an hour, if he pleases, and all the time have a waiter in attendance at his back to bring him whatsoever he desires. I think it due to the Americans to make this remark on a very common-place topic; and likewise to say of them, that their temperance at table filled me with no little surprise. In the large dining-parties at the Astor (as at other houses), there were seldom seen more than one or two bottles of wine. Nor did any exciting beverage seem desirable. A goblet of pure water, with ice, was placed for the use of every guest; and in indulging in this simple potation, I felt how little is done in England to promote habits of sobriety by furnishing water, attractive alike for its brilliant purity and coolness.

Dropping off from table, a number of the guests adjourn to the parlours, where they read newspapers bought from boys who frequent the doorway and passages, or they lounge idly on the sofas, or take to writing at the tables (never much talking, and the doors always wide open); some go out in pursuit of business; some, who like to sit in the midst of a fluctuating crowd, betake themselves to the chairs in the lobby; and some descend to the bar. This latter place of resort is a large and finely decorated apartment, lighted from the roof, and occupying the entire central court round which the house is built. In the middle is a *jet d'eau* and basin; at one side is a marble counter, with an attendant in charge of a few bottles behind him on a shelf, whence he supplies glasses of liquor to those calling for them, and which are paid for on the spot. A number of chairs are scattered about. Two fire-places, with blazing billets of wood, throw a cheerful heat around. A young man at a small enclosure is selling cigars; and on two long stands are placed files of newspapers from all the principal cities in the Union. Much is said by travellers of the drinking in the bars; but in this, as in most things, there is some strange exaggeration. The bar of the Astor, an exchange in its way, was sometimes tolerably crowded, but I seldom saw so many as a dozen at a time engaged in drinking. The greater number did not drink at all; it being one of the good points in these establishments, that you are left to do exactly as you like. No one heels you, or cares for you, any more than in a public street. A unit in the mass, your duty is to mind yourself; seek out all requisite information for yourself, and in all things beyond the routine of the house, help yourself. Individuality in these hotels is out of the question—opposed to the fundamental principle of the concern, which is to keep open house on a wholesale plan. You are lodged, fed, and in every other way attended to by wholesale; just as a soldier in a barrack is supplied with houseroom and rations. Any man pretending to ask for a dinner in a room by himself would be looked upon as a kind of lunatic; and when people do such a foolish thing, they have to pay handsomely for invading the sacred practice of the house. How otherwise could such gigantic establishments be conducted? Although crowded to the door, everything goes on with minute regularity, like a finely adjusted machine.

Left to himself, the stranger soon drops into the ranks, and strolling about, discovers a number of little conveniences ready to his hand. Let us just look round the lobby of the Astor, beginning with the left-hand side. There, at a wicket in the wall, like an open window, stands a man to take your hat and upper coat, and put them away in a bin till you want them. Looking into the place, you see it surrounded with receptacles for articles, which it would be inconvenient to carry about the house, or hazardous to lay down carelessly; for we are admonished by placards to beware

of 'hotel thieves'—a hint not to be lightly disregarded. Adjoining in a niche in the lobby, is a man with brush in hand ready to clean and burnish your soiled boots. A little further on is a light closet, with basins of water and towels, to save you the trouble of mounting to your bedroom before going in to dinner. Further round in the lobby, is a recess with a desk, pens, ink, and paper, furnishing means at all times to write a hurried note. A few steps beyond, and passing the flight of steps which lead to the bar, we come upon an enclosure like a sentry-box, in which is seated a clerk with the machinery of an electric-telegraph; and on handing him a slip through his wicket, he will, for a trifling sum, despatch a message for you to almost any city throughout the United States. I made use of this gentleman's wires on two occasions, in sending to distant towns, and had answers handed to me in a neat envelope within an hour.

We now pass the waiter's form, and study the apparatus of the general book-keeper, which occupies the right side of the lobby. Behind the counter of this officer, we perceive a large case of pigeon-holes, with a number over each, and appropriated for receiving letters or cards left for the guests. Knowing your particular number, you have only to glance at the little depository under it, to know if any one has been calling, or if any letters have arrived for you. At one end of the counter, there is a letter-box into which you drop all letters for post, which is another means of saving trouble. But the most curious thing of all, is the arrangement by which the official behind the counter knows who signals from his apartment. To have some hundreds of bells would produce inextricable confusion. All the wires in the house centre at one bell, placed in a case in the lobby, with the whole mechanism exposed on one side within a sheet of plate-glass. The other side of this case is covered all over with numbers in rows. Adjoining each number is a small crescent-shaped piece of brass, which drops from the horizontal, and hangs by one end, when the wire connected with it is pulled, the bell being by the same action sounded. The attention of the book-keeper being so attracted, he directs a waiter to proceed to the apartment indicated, and with his finger restoring the bit of brass to its former posture, it is ready for a fresh signal. A more neat and simple arrangement could not well be imagined. The fronts of these bell-cases are of white enamel, and being set in a gilt frame, have a pleasing ornamental effect.

So much for the Astor, to which there are now many rivals of equal or larger dimensions—the Irving House, the Prescott House, and numerous others, including the two more recently established and peculiarly splendid establishments—the Metropolitan and St Nicholas, both situated considerably 'up town' in Broadway. The Metropolitan, an edifice of brown sandstone, with a frontage of 300 feet, is superbly furnished, and laid out with 100 suites of family apartments, and can accommodate altogether 600 guests, whose wants are ministered to by 250 servants. The cost of building and furnishing this prodigiously large house, is said to have been 1,000,000 dollars. The St Nicholas, I believe, aspires to stand at the head of its order. It is a splendid structure of white marble, containing 150 suites of family apartments, and with accommodation for nearly 800 guests; I understood, indeed, that preparations were making for the accommodation of at least 1000 people. The cost of this establishment has been spoken of as 1,030,000 dollars; but doubtless this is below the mark.

Some not less interesting features of these great hotels remain to be noticed. They generally print their own bills of fare, which are freshly executed with the date, daily. Their suites of hot and cold baths, their billiard-rooms, and their barbers' shops, are on a most commodious scale. The Americans appear to be

particularly punctilious as regards their hair and beard, and a frequent visit to the perquier seems an indispensable part of their personal economy. All English gentlemen in the present day—those who rely on the service of valets excepted—shave their own beard, for which purpose they take portable dressing-cases along with them on their journeys. I never could understand why the not overindulgent Americans, lodging in the great hotels, or travelling by river steam-boats, require to be shaved by professional tonsors. At all events, there, in the barber's apartment, in every hotel, are seen seated a number of gentlemen—under the hands of coloured operators. And in what luxurious attitudes!—leaning back in a couch-like chair, and the feet exalted on a velvet-covered rest, we have a picture of ease and lassitude which I should fancy is only to be matched in the dressing-rooms of nobles and princes.

Perhaps it may be expected that I should say a word on that subject of everlasting condolence—servants. I was agreeably disappointed to find that the Americans are not so badly off for domestic assistance as they are usually represented to be. A great change for the better in this respect has lately occurred, through the influx of Irish. It is wonderful to notice how soon an Irishman in a long-tailed ragged coat and patched knee corduroys, is transformed into a hotel garçon, dressed neatly in a white jacket and pants, combed, brushed, and rendered as amenable to discipline as if under the orders of a drill-sergeant. Thus smartened up, the Irish have become a most important people in the United States. Irish girls, who would fail to find an open door in London, are here received with a sigh of delight; and what American housewives and hotel-keepers would now do without them, is painful to reflect upon. It being apparently a fixed maxim in the mind of every white man and woman in the States, that domestic service is intolerable, the impouring of Irish has solved an immense difficulty. Numerous, and spread over a wide region, this useful people have already dispossessed in a great degree the coloured race, who, consequently pushed into humbler situations, suffer, it may be presumed, an aggravation of their sufficiently unhappy lot. I found corps of coloured waiters chiefly in Canada. At only one place (Congress Hall Hotel, Albany) did I see them in any of the northern states. Whether white or coloured, the waiters in every hotel, when attending table, are marshalled into the saloon, each carrying a plated dish in his hand, the procession reminding one of the theatrical march in *Aladin*; and in the setting down, and uncovering these dishes, and walking off with the lids—the whole corps moving off in line—they obey a fugleman with that military precision, which among a people less imperturbable than the Americans, could scarcely fail to excite a certain degree of merriment.

The laundry departments of the American hotels ought not to be forgotten in the list of marvels. Placed under the management of a special clerk, who records all necessary details, the arrangements for washing, drying, and ironing would astonish any ordinary laundress. The drying is done by rapidly-whirling machines, which wring out the wet, and cause the articles to pass through currents of hot air, so as to turn them out ready for the ironer in the space of a few minutes. Depending on these aids, the American needs not to encumber himself with great loads of underclothing in his excursions. Anywhere, in an hour or two, he can get everything washed and dressed, as if he had just started from home. Arrangements for his comfort do not stop here. In New York, and generally in other large cities, the hotels, for the most part, have a range of shops or stores on the ground-floor, fronting the street, adapted to supply the wants of travellers. Articles of clothing, gloves, jewellery, umbrellas, canes, note-paper, perfumery, medicines, and so on, are found in these shops, which in one

place (Washington) I found were connected with the hotel by a back-entrance from the main corridor. An American hotel is not a house: it is a town.

W. C.

WEARYFOOT COMMON.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN WHICH THE RENDEZVOUS COMES AT LAST.

It was the most genial of spring mornings when a stage-coach stopped at the Plough to set down a passenger; and the moment it stopped—perhaps a trifle before—Robert Oaklands bounded from the vehicle, and was received in the arms of the captain and Elizabeth. But even in the midst of their greetings the thoughts of the traveller went astray. How could it be otherwise? The Common lay stretched before him, that common on which he had wandered when a boy, a weary, hungry, friendless, homeless vagrant, lost in the mist that overhung the world, lost only to be found by his happy fortune! A kind of awe passed across the mind of the young man as he gazed, accompanied by a strange, vague feeling of incredulity; and it was with some difficulty he comprehended what was said to him by the captain, as they took their way along the well-known track.

'Don't be in a hurry, Bob,' said the veteran; 'walk slowly, for I have something to say; and that is why we came to meet you, for I would rather have stood at the door, to see you leap across the road into my arms, as you did when you were a lad, looking for all the world like a panther in fun. You must know'—

'My dear friend,' interrupted Robert anxiously, 'is there anything amiss? I see Sara's blind is down!'

'Yes, and Sara's eyes too, and Sara's heart lower than all. You must know that she somehow wormed out of me—and it is no easy matter, you are aware, getting into the guard of an old soldier—that I had written for you to come down to take her to task about her avarice, and hard work, and the piano, and the old frocks, and so on, and, by Jove, she had no sooner come to the fact than she was well-nigh at the fainting! No more work since then, no more eating, no more sleeping; nothing but bursts of tears, and flushed and white cheeks time about. And I can tell you, Bob, I kept as broad awake all that night as an outpost in an enemy's country, thinking she was about to play us the trick I caught you at when you were a boy. I felt sure, in fact, that Sara was going to run away! I told you what effect your scolding would have upon her; but I confess I never imagined that the mere thought of it would set her frantic. Now I wanted before you saw her to give you a hint just to draw it as mild as you can—as mild as new milk, Bob. Speak kindly to poor Sara—won't you, old fellow? You know if she is different from the other girls of the Common, it is you who made her so; and you must think of old times, and your school letters, and the dancing, and singing, and poor Molly, and be soft, and gentle, and loving to our Sara—won't you, Bob?' Bob could not speak for a moment.

'Never fear,' said he at last, with a gasp—'never fear! only come along—no use in crawling when I have good news to tell. My highest expectations have become realities; I am rich, my dearest friend—at least independent: we are all rich, all independent, all happy: come along!' He almost upset Molly when she opened the door. He flew into the parlour—it was empty; into the other sitting-room—empty too; he then bounded into the garden, while Molly, better knowing

where her young mistress was to be found, flashed up the stairs.

But Molly had no need to announce the arrival. Ashamed—mortified—crushed—Sara had seen them cross the Common; and she guessed with great accuracy the communication that was made by the captain, and even the good soul's entreaties that Robert would meet her with kindness and encouragement—her, the poor country-girl who was detected in the fact of secretly impoverishing herself to enrich the favoured lover of Miss Falcontower! But the circumstances were so desperate, that at length the pride and courage of Sara's nature were effectually roused. She rose from her seat at the window, where she had sat crushing her hands together—rose far beyond her usual height, shewing 'fearful fair,' as she gathered round her like a mantle all her feminine hauteur and virgin reserve. The interview that could not be avoided she determined to seek; and in descending the stairs to the parlour, slow, tall, and silent, she looked, with her stately step and classical head, like a vestal priestess.

When Robert bounded into the room, and shut the door behind him, it appeared to have been his intention to clasp her in his arms; but if so, he found the atmosphere that surrounded her too dense even to admit of hasty approach. Some elastic body, as viewless as the air, seemed to resist as he drew near. Her sweet but proud and defiant eyes, fixed upon his, overawed him; and when at length he took her offered hand, it was to raise it reverently to his lips.

'Dear Sara,' said he, struggling with his timidity, 'I have so much to say, I do not know how to begin! But devout gratitude!'

'Robert,' interrupted Sara, 'let us understand one another first. I have no design to evade the subject; but neither is it my intention to appropriate more of your gratitude than is my just share. In your early boyhood, my dear uncle incurred a heavy responsibility—a responsibility which has cost him since then many anxious days and sleepless nights. Recently, there appeared to come a crisis in your fortunes, which might be directed for permanent good by the aid of money. It was himself told me this; and in the beautiful simplicity of his nature, he asked my consent, as well as my dear aunt's, to his raising the necessary sum by the sale of this family property—a property to which he was himself attached with a kind of devout affection. Now, could I permit this? Could I see him wander forth from this cherished home in his old age, with his small income burdened with the rent of another? Do you blame the poor orphan, to whom he was father and mother, friends and relations, the whole world in one, for taking the sacrifice upon herself?'

Robert was transfixed. He grew cold—frozen—torpid; and dropped her hand, as if his fingers had lost the power to hold it.

'I do not blame you,' said he at last, rousing himself; 'the action was only in accordance with the nobleness of your nature; and since you deprive me of gratitude, you cannot prevent the feeling from being replaced by admiration. But did you hope to be able to preserve concealment? Did it not occur to you that your uncle would carry out his own plan, ignorant of that being no longer necessary?'

'I trusted,' replied Sara, with some confusion of manner, 'in—in—you; and I hope you will not fail me. Lead the conversation to the point; assure him that you are provided with funds—he stands on too much gentlemanly punctilio to press you as to their source; and so the whole thing will by and by be forgotten. As for the little deprivations I submit to, they are not worth talking of.'

'Sara,' said Robert, looking searchingly into her eyes, 'it seems to me impossible that you can think me so base as to permit such a sacrifice! But if your motive was merely to save your uncle from impoverishing

himself for my sake, did you not know that the object might have been attained by the slightest hint to me? Why submit to deprivations that were wholly unnecessary for the point you had in view? Moreover, whence was your agitation, your tears, your terror, when you found yourself on the brink of a discovery so honourable to your pious devotion? O Sara, I will not abandon hope! I *will* believe that—that'—

'Robert!' cried Sara, starting back in surprise and affright, 'this from you! Tell me,' she added, passionately, 'from whom did you suppose the money came?'

'From Miss Falcontower.'

'And do you, then, presume to—to—to'— But Sara, much to her shame and indignation, was interrupted by the tears that would force their way.

'Lord Luxton,' continued Robert, inhumanly rejoicing in her grief, 'in return for long-continued literary services, had promised me a public appointment of some value; but from this engagement, on discovering the meanness of my origin, he appeared disposed to withdraw. When I found, therefore, that the surprising windfall did not come from my old benefactor, and imagining it to be wholly out of the question that you could have made so terrible a sacrifice for my unworthy self, I did suspect that Miss Falcontower, who, beneath the incrustation of artificial life, has still some original nobleness of character, had taken this mode of making up so far for her father's defalcation. Lord Luxton, however, deceived me, by mentioning that his daughter was told one evening by the family lawyer in Lincoln's Inn, of the reluctance with which he had just consented to be, in his way of business, a party in dissipating more than half of your little property! Now, Sara'—

'Robert, did you ever love the nobleness of character you talk of?'

'Always—but not the woman. My own Sara!' and he passed his arm round her waist, and drew her irresistibly to his bosom, 'I never loved but you! I am here, not to reject your sacrifice, but to accept it. So far from returning any portion of what you have given, I demand more—all—and you, my life and hope, with it! Speak, Sara, with your own simple, truthful lips—from your own generous, noble, womanly heart—will you make me the happiest and most grateful of men?' Sara was still weeping—but what delicious tears!—still some small, slight sobs told of the varying emotions she had undergone; and it was with a low and broken voice she answered—

'That you wish it, Robert, is happiness enough for me. The time may be distant, but I shall await it with trust in God, and implicit confidence in you.'

'The time is come—it is now!—and the work I have still to do in the world is no longer for bread, but for usefulness and distinction!'

The tone in which the conversation was pursued may now be imagined. They were seated side by side on a sofa, in the usual attitude of promised lovers, and with Wearyfoot Common in view from the window. Robert disclosed to Sara the whole details of his London life—including even the audacious kiss he had printed on the hand of Claudia, and the story—in which, however, he had been forestalled by Molly—of the spectral face seen at Mrs Margery's window. On these points, and on these alone, Sara asked no questions, and made no remark.

'Tell me,' said she at last, 'if this Heaven-sent fortune had not come, what would have been your decision on discovering the source of my anonymous gift?'

'I am afraid to answer,' replied Robert; 'for I have more than suspected that there is a hard untrusting element in my character, though not, I hope, in my nature, which I must endeavour, with your assistance, to eradicate. Your touching devotion should have shattered my flinty theory to pieces; and I hope—I

am sure—it would have done so, had you been by my side. Without you, I tremble to think how much worse I should have been than I am. You do not know what blessed influences I drew from that faint lone star so often seen above the dreary Common! You do not know what a cold dark world this would have been for me without that light of hope! The mist would never have risen from my soul, the splash of the rain would never have ceased to hiss in my ears. O Sara, think of what I was, if you do not find me all you wish! Think of that miserable boy, for whom no creature cared so much as for a stray dog, even among the unhappy crew who perhaps included her to whom he owed his being! Think of the darkness through which he wandered—of the'—

'Robert—dearest Robert—think rather that the mist is gone, the darkness dispelled, and that your star, as you call her, is shining, with all the little twinkling power she has, full upon your heart! See how green, how fresh, how beautiful is the desert Common, spangled with the small wild-flowers that peep out to greet the coming summer! Look how the sunbeams are shaken in successive showers of spray over its surface; and hark to that sweet, clear, winged voice that rises from its bosom straight up to heaven, interpreting the mute heart of the world!'

'I will, I do, my own best love!' said Robert, hiding his face on her shoulder; 'but when I think of the change, I am choked with a happiness so undeserved.' When he raised his head, the beautiful shoulder was wet, and he would have dried it in some confusion, had not Sara taken his hand gently in hers.

'Nay, beloved,' said she, with her soft, sweet voice, and fixing on him as she spoke her lofty and earnest eyes—'nay, beloved, these are sacred drops! Let them stay, and be absorbed to heaven—let us give them jointly to the God of Mercy, an offering and a vow!'

The day of Robert and Sara's return from the marriage-trip, was a great day in the village of Wearyfoot. The launch of a shay-cart was to take place—that elegant hybrid between a gentleman's gig and a business vehicle—the first that ever was seen in those parts, and one of the handsomest that ever was seen anywhere out of London. The children of both sexes, and various women with babies in their arms, were collected long before the time. With some the door of the chaise-house was the popular point of view, for there they would catch the first glimpse of it as it came forth into its circumambulatory existence; but others, with perhaps better taste, preferred clustering round the baker's shop, where there would be added a human interest to the spectacle. Not a few of the more staid and respectable of the inhabitants, who were quite above testifying any curiosity of the kind, made an errand to that part of the line of street, and lingered to converse with a neighbour about the weather; while, as a general rule, there seemed to be quite a remarkable turn out in the village, the population finding it, somehow, desirable to take a mouthful of the sweet crisp air outside their doors.

The vehicle at last came forth, and was hailed with a shout of small voices. It was a very handsome gig in front for the riders, with a long body behind for the loaves, the whole painted and varnished in green and yellow like a gentleman's carriage; and it was drawn by a horse as fat as was consistent with smartness, and with a coat as brown and sleek as you shall see in any picture of Landseer. It drew up at the shop-door, and presently there came forth the young baker and his newly-married wife. There was some little flutter and awkwardness at first in the lady's getting into so novel a position, but this was ended by the husband, a fine, stout, prompt fellow, almost lifting his spouse into the carriage, and stepping lightly in after her himself.

As Molly—for you know it was our Molly—arrayed in a silk gown, but of modest colour, took her seat for the first time, looking round upon the crowded street, and with the cheers of the boys and girls in her ears, her head swam for a moment; and when the equipage dashed off, she caught her bold young husband's arm, and two or three little nervous sobs—the last weakness of the kind—told her emotion. As they passed down the street, nods, smiles, and good wishes were sent to them from every door, for Molly was a universal favourite. And how could it be otherwise, since she was a kindly, good-tempered, frank, womanly, handsome girl, fit for the future mother of genuine English hearts—of high-spirited, generous men, and true and loving women!

Their destination was the Lodge—Simple Lodge, for by that name it shall rest in our memory—and their object was not only to felicitate and be felicitated, but to shew Master Robert how the vehicle looked he had presented to them as a marriage-gift. They drew up at the kitchen-door, and Molly having first asked leave, piloted her husband to the hall. How they were kindly invited into the parlour, and shaken by the hand; how Molly, in addition, kissed Mrs Oaklands' hands with many smiles and tears; how she wouldn't sit down on any account but at the very edge of the door; how they drank a glass of wine with bows and curtsies, and the best of wishes, and ate a bit of cake out of their own shop; and how, flattered and delighted with their reception, they very soon took their leave and descended again to the kitchen, needs not be told.

But here they encountered another visitor, who had come in when they were up stairs, and Molly, with a loud scream, threw herself upon Mrs Margery. The scream brought instantly down the young couple and Elizabeth, for the captain would hardly have entered these precincts if he had heard a military hurra; and there was not merely a new shaking of hands, but Sara clasped Mrs Margery in her arms, and kissed her with tears in her eyes. Mrs Margery, however, though now a respectable tradeswoman as well as Molly, would not be prevailed upon to go up stairs. She would go home with her old fellow-servant, and stay with her that night. She had merely come down, she said, to see the Denowment she had predicted, and planned, and watched, and waited for so long—to see it with her own eyes. She had seen it, praise be to goodness. She had found it all right—just what it ought to be, and could not help being, and she was satisfied and thankful. As Robert and Sara knew that they would be the greater part of every year in London, and had a great many affectionate plans in their minds about Mrs Margery, they thought little of the abruptness of her present visit; and so, after a little more talk, and an affectionate and respectful leave-taking, she went away, and was driven back into the village in Molly's carriage.

As soon as Robert and his wife saw the visitors out of the kitchen-door—they had already admired the equipage—they rushed up the stairs, chasing one another, and calling and laughing like boy and girl, till they found the captain.

'There is Margery! there is Margery!—to the window, dear uncle!' and the captain obeyed orders in double-quick time. But on this occasion likewise he was too late. He saw only a couple of large shawls to choose from; and the veteran, with a look of almost superstitious puzzlement, turned away from the window, muttering—

'That's very extraordinary! That is very extraordinary!—What do you think of it,' continued he, turning to his sister, 'hey, Elizabeth?'

'All authors agree,' replied the virgin, 'that the disappointments of life serve as teachings to the wise. When an individual desires to observe a comely cook or

clear-starcher, his best mode of procedure, I venture to suggest, is to open the window and look out.'

'That's very true, Elizabeth,' said the captain, 'that's very true, and if I don't do so the next time she comes, may I be shot!'

All sanguine authors—and they who are not sanguine have no business to address themselves to the multitude of their kind—take the flattering unction to their souls, that they have excited an interest in their personages, sufficient to induce the reader to desire to know what becomes of them after the close of the story. It would be difficult for us, however, to satisfy this curiosity, supposing such to exist, because we have brought up the chronicle within so small a number of years of the present moment, that fate has had no time, even if she were assisted by Mrs Margery herself, to arrange their several denowments.

We may say, however, that, thanks to the Wearyfoot connection, and his own skill in Grecianizing snub-noses, Mr Driftwood's business of cheap portrait-painting flourishes to this day; although we are sorry to add that his rascally boy still continues to be out of the way just at the moment he is wanted. The artist looks confidently to Mr and Mrs Robert Oaklands personally for a periodical addition to the number of sitters, and has not, so far, been disappointed. His friend takes the utmost care of these family portraits. They are always kept in the country, and are never permitted to be out of their cases in the lumber-room, except in compliment to the modern master himself when he comes on a visit. But Driftwood, it is said, has the prospect of a family-gallery of his own. At any rate, Miss Bloomley has taken a great notion of art, and is always bringing him sitters. Now, at her mother's death, the lodging-house in Great Russell Street will be her own; and, besides, she is herself the beau-ideal of a London girl of her rank, a fine, high-spirited, saucy, generous-hearted handsome lass—just the very person to make the good-natured artist happy, and confine his little eccentricities of genius within the line of prudence.

Mr Foringer and Mr Slopper, after the fight, resumed gradually their friendly intercourse. The former has not yet attained the mark of his ambition. The difficulty is not as to a house, so much as to a landlady. He could get plenty of both, it is true; but his choice is restricted within the small number of houses where the lower classes is not admitted, and within the still smaller number of landladies who possess the qualifications of Mrs Margery—a crustaceous attachment to home, and a sufficiency of money. He has made proposals to several of the latter kind, but found them, as he declares in confidence to Mr Slopper, vulgar and senseless, and blind to their own interest, beyond belief.

Adolphus, under the management of his excellent mother, has married in his own degree of intellect and station; and if he could only believe it, is much better off than if he had obtained the hand either of Miss Falcontower or Miss Semple. As for his friend Fancourt, he was just about to accept the captain's invitation, and go down to have a run upon Wearyfoot Common, when intelligence reached him of the union of Robert and Sara. This gave the hermit a chill, and indisposed him for running. He sits in his cell for hours moralising on his wasted existence, with a void behind and before him; the latter somewhat relieved by the picturesque prospect of the gout in the midst.

Claudia Falcontower is still young in spite of years, still radiantly lovely in spite of time. She has lost her taste for public business; and for that reason Lord Luxton has retired from the political world, and is distinguished only as a connoisseur in art. Claudia has refused more than one brilliant offer of marriage since her father's succession to the peerage, and it is thought has no intention to change her condition. She is a patroness of literature, and many a struggling author, male and female, has been largely indebted to

her helping-hand; but she makes no intimates even among her protégés, and with her cold and even haughty manner, liberal heart, and exquisitely refined taste, she is a complete enigma even to those whose business is the anatomy of character. She spends the greater part of the year at Luxton Castle, and listens condescendingly to Miss Heavystoke's long stories of her former pupils, and more particularly of her last, with whom that good lady remains in constant epistolary correspondence, and to whose children she expects one day to act as governess.

Claudia likewise pays some attention to her little cousin's education: but she is not attached to children, at least in the ordinary way—they seem to make her melancholy, and she rather shuns their society. Her interest, however, was one day excited in a more than usual manner by a child she had never seen before, and would probably never see again. She was walking in Kensington Gardens, and had gone into one of the alcoves to rest, when a nurse-maid passed by with her charge. The little creature, a fine boy between three and four years of age, took her at first for his mother, and ran in crying joyfully, 'Mamma!' but when she raised her head, and he discovered his mistake, he stopped short, and shaking his brown hair from his fair brow, looked at her with eyes so calm and soft, yet so observant and penetrating, that Claudia's attention was aroused. The boy seemed to be limning her features in his own mind; till at length, with a sudden blaze from her strange eyes, she motioned him to approach. He did so with the firm step and calm self-possessed air befitting a gentleman's child; and, putting back his clustering hair from his brow, she gazed long and intently on his face. Then drawing him to her bosom, she strained him in her arms, and kissed him with such vehemence, that the child broke away and ran to his maid.

In a few minutes Claudia came forth, cold, calm, stately as usual; and her servant, who was talking with the nurse-maid, elevated his gold-headed cane, almost as tall as himself, and followed his mistress.

'Slopper,' said she indifferently, when they had walked on a few paces, 'do you know whose child that is?'

'The child, miss,' replied Mr Slopper, touching his hat with official dignity, 'is the son of Robert Oaklands, Esquire, of Harley Street and Wearyfoot Common.'

THE END OF WEARYFOOT COMMON.*

FITTING OUT A MAN-OF-WAR.

ONE does not go to the Highlands to shoot partridges; yet it so happened that on the 6th day of September I found myself some twenty miles north of Inverness, waking up these birds from the turnip-fields, the corn being still uncut; and with the assistance of my companions, I managed to make up a pretty good bag.

Such a confession cannot be made without an apology. Here it is. I had been staying some weeks with kind friends; and what with short excursions to places of interest in Ross and Sutherland, salmon and trout fishing, shooting deer both roe and fallow, to say nothing of wild-duck, with an occasional snipe and wood-cock, the time had passed as pleasantly as rapidly. Yet it so happened that on this particular 6th day of September, there was no chance of a fish rising or of getting near a roe. Grouse there were none. There was nothing particular to do, so we waked up the partridges until it was time for luncheon. Visions of a pleasant close to the day enlivened the walk home.

* After a short interval, there will appear a new work of fiction by another pen, to be continued, like the above, in weekly chapters till completed.

There had been some talk of music for the evening, and a return-match at four-handed chess. There was a certain sunny corner where a volume of Scott was wonderfully appreciated in the afternoon. Dinner must not be forgotten, with its accompaniments of roe-deer soup, fresh caught fish, game-pie, and venison chops hot from the gridiron, and in one of the kindest, most cheerful, and friendly parties that ever crossed the border. But, alas! the inexorable post anticipated the well-earned luncheon. A letter of ominous official form was put into my hand. The seal was broken, and I read—

ADMIRALTY, 4th September.

'SIR—My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty having appointed you ——— of Her Majesty's sloop the *Saucy*, it is their Lordships' direction that you repair immediately to the superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard for your appointment, and that you report to me the day on which you shall have joined the ship. I am, sir, your very humble servant,

W. A. B. HAMILTON.

'P. S.—It is desired that you acknowledge the receipt of this letter.'

This was not the first time that a like sudden stop had been put to favourite plans by the calls of the service. So putting a good face on the matter, and scarcely knowing whether to ask for condolence or congratulation, a few things were hurried into a port-manteau, a biscuit into the pocket, a hasty good-by exchanged, and within an hour from the receipt of my letter, I was waiting at a turnpike two miles off for the northern mail to give me a passage to Inverness. This gave me an opportunity of shaking hands with an old friend, who was hurrying off with his bride to Dun-robin as fast as post-horses could carry him; and what with this and the glow produced by a fast drive through the sharp, bracing air, on a bright Highland day, I was quite inclined to look on the light side of things by the time I was seated before a round of beef in the Caledonian Hotel at Inverness.

A visit to Mr McDougall at his Clan Tartan Warehouse enabled me to defy the cold of a night on the Grampians; so in another hour I was again behind four horses for a fourteen hours' drive on the mail to Perth. Skirting the Moor of Culloden, lighted by a bright moon, enlivened by a cheerful fellow-traveller, nothing could have been more pleasant than this drive, had it only been a little warmer. The dark hills looked out majestically in the moonlight, the deep shadows adding immensely to their effect; while, to crown all, about midnight a magnificent aurora borealis lighted up the northern sky, shooting up its gigantic rockets from the horizon. Then came the drive through Blair-Athol and Dunkeld, and nine o'clock saw us at the city of the Fair Maid of Perth. From this to Edinburgh, the route was easy; thence twelve hours by express-train conveyed me to London, and in due time I found myself at that most detestable of all our ports, Sheerness, looking at my future home as she lay near the pier.

The time of fitting out a ship is the most unpleasant part of the commission. One must either live in a hulk, and go backwards and forwards in boats several times a day, or take up quarters in some dirty inn ashore, until the ship is made habitable. What I wish to tell, however, is what the fitting out of a ship of war is, and I flatter myself the information, taken as a whole, will be new to most readers.

It generally surprises any one who sees a ship of war at anchor in one of our harbours, when he is told that 1000, 500, or 150 persons, according to the size of the ship, live on board her. A corvette, with a crew of 150 men, does not appear, and really is not, larger than an ordinary merchant-ship of 500 or 600 tons, yet all these persons are boarded and lodged comfortably in their floating-home. But this is not all. The ship must carry a quantity of stores and provisions, which, if they were laid out on the shore, would fill a good-sized barn, and which any one would be apt to bet heavy odds could not be put on board the little ship. In the first place, water and provisions for the whole crew must be carried for some months, to make the ship efficient. In our case, we carried a complete supply for five months: we had fifty-three tons of water, and the weight of the tanks containing this water was eleven tons. Then the weight of beef and pork, biscuit, peas, and flour, sugar, tea, and cocoa, with other provisions, amounted to nearly twenty-five tons, the casks containing them weighing two tons and a quarter. In addition to this government supply of food and drink, the captain and officers take about seven tons of private stores for their own particular nourishment. Four tons of coal and wood; two tons of clothing, soap, candles, tobacco, &c.; two hundredweights of medical stores; and a ton and a half of rum; with more than a ton of holy-stones and sand for cleaning the decks, would fill a moderate-sized warehouse. Then when we consider the weight the good ship has to carry, we must calculate upon twenty tons of ballast, and upon sixteen or seventeen tons as the weight of the men and boys, with their clothing and bedding. The bowsprit, masts, yards, and booms weigh more than twenty-four tons; the rigging, twenty tons; and there are more than four tons of bullets only, or what are better known to landmen as pulleys. The sails weigh two tons and a half, and there is the same weight of spare sails. There are sixteen tons of iron cable, and three tons of hempen cable. Four anchors weigh together more than seven tons; the boats more than three tons and a half. Then come the eighteen guns, which weigh together twenty-seven tons; and the stores taken by the gunners for working their guns, amount to about four tons and a half. The stores taken by the boatswain and carpenter to keep the ship and her rigging in working-order, weigh more than seventeen tons. Lastly, we have three tons and a half of powder, two tons and a half of case-shot, nineteen tons of cannon-balls, two tons of shells, and two tons of musket-balls and small-arms. If all this be added together, the reader will at once see that when our little vessel floated out of Sheerness Harbour to the Nore, she carried with her more than 300 tons of valuable property.

But as a friend of ours exclaimed when we were endeavouring to impress this upon him: 'Where, in the name of all that is wonderful, can it all be put? How can you live amid such a heap of incongruous matter? Where do you all live? Where is the kitchen? Where do you sleep, and where do all the men sleep?'—These are all very natural questions, and it will require some little time to answer them.

To commence with the space 'under hatches,' as it is called, or beneath the floor of the deck on which men and officers live. Any one who knows the shape of a ship, will see, on a little reflection, that this space will be broad and deep in the centre, gradually becoming narrower and more shallow towards both head and stern. At the extreme after-end, there was a space for the captain's stores; and beneath his cabin, the bread-room, capable of holding 100 bags of biscuit, each weighing a hundredweight. Then advancing forward, and beneath two of the officers' cabins, is the slop-room, where all the cloth and duck, shoes, flannel, hats, and other articles for men's clothing, are kept. Parallel

with this, and beneath the gun-room, extending also some way into the centre of the bread-room, is the shell-room and magazine. Each of the shells is packed in a separate box, and treated with such care that no one felt uneasy, although sitting every day at meals with 110 of them only separated from his feet by a plank, with nearly three tons of powder in the magazine close by. In a space corresponding to the slop-room, on the opposite side, was the officers' store-room for provisions. Further forward, in the centre, are the lockers for shot, holding 1260 of these gentle persuaders of thirty-two pounds of cold iron. On either side of them, and of the shell-room, are holds for provisions and spirits. The nineteen tons of iron ballast are arranged just above the keel and round the lowest parts of the inside of the ship. Immediately upon these are the iron water-tanks, corresponding in shape to that of the vessel; those in the centre fitting square; those towards the sides circling at different angles. Six of the largest of these tanks hold each 600 gallons; two smaller ones, each 400 gallons; two of 200; twelve of 375; and eighteen of 110: making together forty tanks, holding 11,280 gallons, or more than fifty tons. These tanks occupy the central part of the ship, except a space reserved for the chain-cable and a small store of provisions for daily use. Further forward is a hold for the beef and pork, with another for coal and firing. Beyond this is the sail-room, where all the spare sails are kept; and, lastly, quite in the bows, the store-rooms, as they are called, but really a sort of dark cupboard, where the boatswain and carpenter keep their stores. All this is under hatches—that is to say, a hatch must be raised to get into any of these spaces. A hatch is a square piece of the floor or deck cut out, so that it can be lifted by a ring, and furnished with locks, and so made as to keep all the lower part of the ship water-tight, or nearly so.

Next comes the inhabited portion of the ship. Commencing as before, from the after-part, we had first two cabins for the captain, each extending the whole breadth of the ship. The after one was small; but with a couple of arm-chairs and a portable fireplace, was a perfect little snugery for him in winter, to lounge with a book or play a game at chess with one of us. The fore-cabin was much longer. At one side, doors opened into a sleeping-cabin and a large cupboard, where the charts and chronometers are kept. At the other, was an open sofa-bed place and a cabin where the steward kept all the glass, crockery, &c., for the table. The open space of the cabin was some seven paces by six, and between six and seven feet in height, being lighted by a sky-light on deck. In the centre, was a large square table, where many a jolly party of eight or ten have sat down to as good a dinner as was ever given afloat. Some well-filled book-shelves, a writing-desk, and a few chairs, with a barometer and compass, completed the furniture.

Next came the gun-room, where the gun-room officers—namely, two lieutenants, master, surgeon, purser, and assistant-surgeon—mess. This is also a square cabin, lighted by a sky-light, six paces by five, of the same height as the captain's cabin, furnished simply with a square table, a few chairs, lockers for wine, which are converted into a sort of sofa by a cushion, and drawers and glass-stands for the furniture of the table. At one side, are two cabins for the two lieutenants; at the other side, are doors opening into a narrow passage, which leads from the captain's cabin, past the gun-room, on to the lower-deck, and separates the gun-room from the cabins of the master, surgeon, purser, and assistant-surgeon; which correspond with those of the lieutenants on the opposite side of the ship, but are carried further forward. All these cabins are about six feet square. There is a bed-place with drawers beneath it, a washhand-stand, a flap which can be raised to form a table, book-shelves, a chair, and a

chest of drawers; and this completes the home of each officer. Yet it is surprising how much is stowed away in so small a space, and how much taste is often displayed in setting off one's own particular corner of the ship to the best advantage. Pictures and looking-glasses, Turkish rugs and Greek lace, velvet and gilding, are all brought into play; yet room is still found for clothes and books, the cumbersome cases of uniform, gun-cases, telescope, sextant, and the curiosities picked up at different ports, to prove our remembrance of old friends when arriving again in England.

The midshipmen's berth is on the same side as the lieutenants' cabins, just abaft the main-hatchway. It is merely a cabin some five paces square, nearly filled by a table, over which swings a lamp, and is lighted, like all the officers' cabins, by what are called bulls-eyes—prisms of glass let in through the deck. Around the table are square lockers, and on the top of these the middies sit. Of course there is no room for chairs. Some shelves above receive the sextants, glasses, desks, and books; a recess is fitted up for crockery, and the berth is complete. In this we had two mates, five midshipmen, a clerk, and a master's assistant. None of these officers sleep in cabins, but are slung at night in hammocks like the men, in a part of the lower-deck, just outside their berth, where each has his chest arranged. In this chest he must keep the whole of his dress and property, and a drawer for his washing utensils.

The lower-deck, or the space where the seamen live, cook, eat, and sleep, was 54 feet long, 6 feet 6 inches in height between the beams, and 28 feet in breadth at the broadest part. In this space, 130 seamen had to find accommodation; not only for themselves, but for the galley or kitchen, and for all the mess-tables and stools—to live by day when not on deck, and to sleep by night. It was as well supplied with light and air as is any ship of the class, but still susceptible of improvement in these respects. Along each side a number of mess-tables are arranged, each capable of accommodating a dozen men, six on each side, seated on a stool of the length of the table. Shelves arranged on the sides of the ship receive the plates and 'mess-gear,' as the cookery of the men is called. There is a good deal of pride in the show the men can make in this way, and a little rivalry between different messes. All along the beams are rows of hooks, fourteen inches apart, to which the hammocks are slung at night for the men to sleep in. The hammock is simply an oblong piece of canvas, with holes at each end, through which lines are passed, brought together, and the hammock thus hung to the hooks. It contains a hair mattress and pillow, and a blanket or two for the men, the officers adding the luxury of sheets. In the morning, every hammock is rolled up, tied into a fixed size and shape, and arranged around the bulwarks of the ship, being uncovered in fine weather, but protected, when necessary, by a covering of tarpaulin. Thus there is no sign of a sleeping-place on the lower-deck during the day, all the hammocks being above.

The galley or kitchen would sadly puzzle a shore-cook. No fire is to be seen; no joints are seen roasting. All is enclosed in a square iron case; there is a furnace below, surrounded by water, and into this sauce-pans of all shapes and sizes are let in—from the caldron which boils the soup for the whole ship's company, to the sauce-boat for the officers' fish—all boiling, baking, roasting so called, toasting, stewing for the meals of the captain, the two officers' messes, and the whole of the men, are thus done in an iron box some five feet square, and in many ships distilled water is prepared at the same time. In some of our large troop-ships, 800 gallons of distilled water are thus prepared every day.

Such was our craft below. On deck we had eighteen 32-pounders; and aloft, the usual sails of a three-

masted, square-rigged vessel. This was our **FITTING OUT**. We were now ready for sea; and, with the usual complement of officers and men, we sailed where our duty called us.

NEGLECTED TREASURES.

ALTHOUGH ourselves intensely English, we are constrained by conscience to admit, that the people of the continent of Europe do—like the 'Dougal creature'—display certain 'glimmerings' of sense. We have, indeed, been sorely tempted to entertain the idea, that if any enemy were to institute an invidious comparison between the insulars and the continentals, the verdict of an impartial judge—though, of course, on the whole greatly in favour of the superiority of the former—might possibly, on one or two points, incline to that of the latter. To be serious—it does seem strange that, whilst men of other nations should know both where to get the materials for a savoury dish, and how to cook them, the English are so blissfully ignorant on such points, that, although their woods and meadows teem with a rich abundance of wholesome, savoury, and nutritious food—from the gathering of which no law withholds their hands—they allow these treasures to perish before their eyes, and go back to their cottages to a half-meal of unattractive fare. Nay, more than this—if one skilled in such lore were to lay on the cotter's table enough of this good food to supply him and his household for a week, such is the extent of his prejudice, that, in all probability, he would throw the whole of the gift on the dung-heap, and not even suffer his pig to make its supper from it.

We speak of the Fungus tribe. Many of our readers may not be aware that, amongst almost all the continental nations, funguses afford not a mere flavouring for a delicate dish, or a pleasant sauce or pickle, but the staple food of thousands of the people; indeed, in some places, they are for several months in the year not only the staple, but the sole food of tens of thousands of the inhabitants.

Dr Badham—whose most interesting work on the *Esulent Funguses of England* we would recommend to every reader—tells us: 'In France, Germany, and Italy, funguses not only constitute for weeks together the sole diet of thousands, but the residue—either fresh, dried, or variously preserved in oil, vinegar, or brine—is sold by the poor, and forms a valuable source of income to many who have no other produce to bring into the market.' In the markets of Rome, thousands of basket-fuls are sold during the season; and so extensive is the traffic in this commodity, that there is a regularly appointed officer for examining the fungi offered for sale. This officer is called *Ispettore dei Funghi*: he is a botanist, competent to pronounce whether the specimens produced are noxious or otherwise; and if he discovers in the lots submitted to him that there are any either stale or of injurious quality, he sends them under guard to be thrown into the river. Those that are pronounced saleable are then weighed, in order that a tax may be levied on them. Quantities under ten pounds in weight are not taxed.

In other Italian states, the number of fungi brought to market is equal in proportion to those sold in Rome. In Hungary, the demand is perhaps greater than elsewhere. In France, there is a strong feeling in favour of mushrooms grown in a garden or otherwise artificially cultivated, over those which spring up indigenously. We believe we are correct in stating, that the British are the only Europeans who do not extensively use these varied and valuable articles of diet. Only hear the list of good things which we neglect! Dr Badham says: 'I have indeed grieved when I reflected on the straitened condition of the lower orders this year, to see pounds innumerable of extempore beef-steaks growing on our oaks, in the

shape of *Fistulina hepatica*; *Agaricus fusipes* to pickle, in clusters under them; puff-balls, which some of our friends have not inaptly compared to sweetbread from the rich delicacy of their unassisted flavour; *Hydnum* as good as oysters, which they sometimes resemble in taste; *Agaricus deliciosus*, reminding us of tender lamb kidneys; the beautiful yellow *Chanterelle*, that *ne plus ultra* of diet growing by the bushel, and no basket but our own to pick up a few specimens in our way; the sweet, nutty flavoured *Boletus*, in vain calling himself *edulis*, where there was none to believe him; the dainty *orella*; the *Agaricus heterophyllus*, which tastes like the craw-fish when grilled; the *A. ruber* and *A. vivescens*, to cook in any way, and equally good in all—these were among the most conspicuous. Besides the above named, we hear of one species which tastes like veal; and there are very many which, like the mushroom, make most excellent ketchup and sauces.

It seems to us a pity that men who have time to spare, nay, who absolutely lack a pursuit wherewith they might fill up some hours of unoccupied time, do not set diligently to work, and fit themselves to act as *Ispettori dei Funghi*, and pronounce on the character of the specimens which may be submitted to their judgment. It would be a pursuit attended with much interest, and of much utility; pleasant in progress, and important in its end, if it enabled them to bring the rich supply of food which this tribe would afford within the reach of the population of our land; for as matters at present stand, although this yearly supply of vegetable wealth is in one sense within the reach of the poor, in another it cannot properly be said to be so; as one unlearned, who did not know the marks by which the edible species might be distinguished from the injurious, would be unwise to venture on making a meal from any individuals of a tribe among which so many species of deleterious, and some even of deadly qualities may be found.

With a view to leading to inquiry on this subject, we shall briefly state a few particulars with regard to the division and arrangement of the principal genera which rank under this order.

Fungi are divided into four sub-orders, each of which is subdivided into series, tribes, genera, sub-genera, and species. So many divisions are necessary to enable us to distinguish the varieties which this most extensive order of plants supplies. But it is not under each of these heads that we find edible species. They are confined to the two primary divisions, *Hymenomycetes*, and *Gasteromycetes*; but chiefly to a tribe or two of the former, only two genera being found of the second class which furnish any esculent fungi, and these are *Bovista* and *Lycoperdon*, or, as they are commonly called, puff-balls.

By far the largest number of edible species are found in the first tribe of the first sub-order, which is called *Pileati*, and contains all which are formed with a fleshy cap. There are six genera thus constituted which furnish fungi fit for the table; but *Agaricus* is that to which we are most indebted. The distinctive mark of this genus is, that beneath the fleshy cap lie laminated plates called gills, placed at right angles with the stem. Some of this genus are large, others small; in some the cap is flat, and in others cone-shaped, or otherwise; but all possess a cap, a stem, and gills—the stem sometimes being in the centre of the cap, as in our common meadow mushroom, and at others, eccentric.

We must now give a few particulars concerning the appearance, qualities, and modes of artificial culture of some amongst the various species of these different genera; and if we should in our way supply a choice recipe or two for cooking these treasures of the wood and wild, we hope it will but make our paper the more acceptable.

And first, as regards the sub-order *Pileati*. We have said that it furnishes six genera in which edible fungi are

to be found. These are—1. *Agaricus*; 2. *Cantharellus*; 3. *Polyporus*; 4. *Boletus*; 5. *Fistulina*; 6. *Hydnum*. The second tribe, *Clavati*, furnishes us with but one genus, *Clavaria*, in which edible species exist; but in this one all the species are good to eat. The third tribe of the *Pileati mirati* supplies us with those dainty articles of food, morels, as well as with the genus *Helvella*, in which are two excellent kinds most resembling them. The fourth tribe, *Cupulati*, gives us but one genus, *Peziza*, in which is but one esculent species. These are all belonging to the first division, *Hymenomycetes*; of those which are comprised in the second, *Gasteromycetes*, we have before spoken.

From *Agaricus*, however, as we have said, comes our chief crop. Under this head we find mushrooms of great beauty and variety, both in form and colouring: some are white, tinged with violet, brown, yellow, pink, or some other delicate tint; others pure white: some are brown, and some nearly black. In texture, they vary as much as in size, form, or hue; some being so fragile as to yield to the touch of a finger, whilst others are so tough and firm as to withstand a strong attack. The *A. procerus*, or shaggy *Agaricus*, is very large; its cap, which is very fleshy, is campanulate, and covered with a velvety red-brown skin, with a pinkish silky edge. This species may be commonly found in gardens, hedge-banks, and pasture-grounds in the autumn, springing up in solitary state. It is called *Fungo parasola*, from the form of its cap, and its being elevated on a high stalk, which latter characteristic has given it also the title of *Fouz de la gamba lungo*. Paulet says of this kind: 'Elle est d'une saveur très agréable, et d'une chair tendre, très délicate et très bonne à manger.' The ketchup from this is said to be superior to that of our favourite *A. campestris*, which is a species too well known to need our notice.

Then, besides these we have named, there are several species concerned in the necromantic work of making those magic circles in the grass which were conceived in days of yore to mark the spot where the fairies had danced.

On drops of dewy grass,
So nimbly we do pass;
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

One of these fairy followers is *A. prunulus*, called by the French *Meuceron*, a large buff fungus of a pleasant flavour, and smelling like fresh meat. Another is *A. oreades*, especially honoured by the title of Fairy-ring *Agaric*—a tough little sprite, of a pretty cream colour, and not exceeding an inch in the diameter of its pileus, or cap. This is the *Champignon*, a most delicious mushroom, but looked on with much suspicion in England, on account of a strong resemblance it bears to one or two members of its family of ill repute—indeed, suspected to be of murderous propensities. *A. Georgii*, St George's Mushroom, is another of fairy-ring celebrity. This is called White Caps, and a stout fellow he is, and worthy of being named after the great champion of England—at least if size is to be considered, for one is on record of 5 pounds 6 ounces in weight, and measuring 43 inches in circumference, and another of 14 pounds in weight: it is called in France *Boule de Neige*. This huge fungus is not only found forming part of fairy-rings, but also near haystacks and buildings, as well as in woods. Our common mushroom is a denizen of these rings, as is also *A. orella*, a most delicate and elegant little plant, of purest white throughout, its irregularly lobed cap with smooth undulating edges, and its stem often eccentric. The skin which covers the cap is in dry weather as soft and smooth to the touch as kid. According to Viltadini, this is 'senza dubbio uno di migliori funghi indigini.'

A. personatus, a very pretty fungus, called in England blewits, by which name it is sold in Covent Garden Market, is the last on our list of ring-making fungi. Its cap is from 2 to 6 inches broad, of pale brown, or sometimes violet-tinted, with which colour the gills and bulbous-rooted stems are also tinged. It is said to have a flavour of veal, and should be dressed 'en papillotes with savoury herbs, and the usual condiments, and the more highly seasoned the better.' But although we here close our list of fairy-ring agencies, there are in this genus many more of the edible species which we have no room to enumerate.

The elegant genus *Cantharellus*—distinguished from the agarics by having veins in the place of gills—provides us with but one edible species. This *C. cibarius* is found clustering on the ground in pine and other woods, associated with puff-balls, *Boletus edulis*, and other good things, but exceeding them all in beauty. It is in all its parts of a delicate apricot colour, of which fruit it is said to have also the odour. The chanterelle is its elegant common name; and it may be found from June to October growing in circles, or segments of a circle. At first, it assumes the shape of a minute cone; next, in consequence of the rolling in of the margin as it unfolds, it becomes first hemispherical, finally depressed and irregular, its stem being usually eccentric. This fungus may be stewed or minced, either by itself or with meat; but the common people in Italy either dry or pickle it, or else keep it in oil for winter use. This is one of the few species occasionally used in England. Badham reports: 'No fungus is more popular than the above, though their merits, nay, the very existence of such a fungus at home, is confined to the freemasons, who keep the secret! Having collected a quantity at Tunbridge Wells this summer, and given them to the cook at the Calverley Hotel to dress, I learned from the waiter that they were not novelties to him; that, in fact, he had been in the habit of dressing them for years on state occasions at the Freemason's Tavern.' The chanterelle is as abundant as it is elegant, growing among moss under forest-trees, or starting up from the accumulations of decaying 'needles' in pine-woods with equal freedom.

Of the genus *Polyporus*—so named from the multitude of pores which constitute its reproductive organs—England produces but one esculent species: this is *P. frondosus*, the 'leafy polyporus,' and this one not very commonly. It is found on the roots of oaks in October, and grows to an immense size, sometimes attaining a weight of 30 pounds or more. Berkeley states that 'Clusius had seen in Hungary masses 3 feet high. Woodward found a mass 2 feet broad, and the tiled lobes near the tree more than 6 inches deep.'

But though England produces but one polyporus which our botanists represent as edible, Italy supplies the deficiency; for there and in other parts of the continent several of our rejected species are eagerly sought out and eaten; and, moreover, there are some valuable species which our land does not furnish: amongst others, *P. tuberaster* and *P. corylinus*, both of which, from the singularity of their mode of culture, deserve notice. The former 'springs from the *Pietra fungifera*—a compact argillaceous tufa, in which its spores are imbedded. It is produced by watering a block, and keeping it at a sufficiently high temperature—that is, from 65 to 75 degrees Fahrenheit—when a crop of mushrooms will come up in about six weeks, and continue to be produced at intervals of about three months.' The other species, *P. corylinus*, grows on the trunk of the cob-nut tree. 'It is excellent for food—so excellent, as seldom to find its way into the Roman markets, being generally disposed of, like other choice funguses, in presents.' To grow this artificially, you are to cut a block from the tree towards the root, fire it over a little lighted straw till singed, then water it

and put it by in a cave or cellar, when the whole stump will shortly become covered with funguses, which are reproduced in several successive crops. The stumps suitable for producing these fungi are sold in the Roman market at 6s. or 7s. each.

The genus *Boletus* supplies two valuable species—*B. edulis* and *B. scaber*, both of which grow under oaks or in woods in summer and autumn. Berkeley says of the former: 'Though neglected in this country, it appears to be a most valuable article of food. It resembles very much in taste the common mushroom, and is quite as delicate.' He tells us that it may be cultivated by merely watering the ground under oak-trees with water in which a considerable quantity of these fungi have been allowed to ferment; but adds, that it is necessary to fence round the ground, on account of the extreme love which pigs and deer have for them.

Fistulina hepatica—so called from a supposed resemblance which the adult plants bear to the liver—is a treasure indeed, though, alas! too much neglected. Springing from the wood of oaks, elms, willows, and other trees, it at first appears of a rich vermilion tint, which deepens with age. It sometimes attains an enormous size, having been found of thirty poundweights. In flavour, it is said, when grilled, closely to resemble broiled meat with pickle, for there is an acid taste in the flesh which makes it meat and sauce in one.

The genus *Hydnum* supplies an esculent which, 'when well stewed,' says Badham, 'is an excellent dish, with a slight flavour of oysters. It makes also a very good *purée*.'

We must not close this slight account of the esculent fungi of England without a word about that valuable species the truffle (*Tuber cibarium*), which ranks under this division. Truffles are found under the surface of the ground in various parts of Europe, as well as in India and Japan. In England and Scotland, they are chiefly found in beech-woods. They are rough irregular nodules, from one to two or more inches in diameter, the surface cracked into warts. 'Truffles,' says Berkeley, 'are much sought for as a luxury, and are hunted by dogs trained for the purpose, or by swine.' Rees von Essenbach records an instance of a poor cripple boy who could detect truffles with a certainty superior even to that of the best dogs, and so earned a livelihood. Truffles are brought to table either simply boiled, or stewed in various forms.

We would now, in conclusion, ask the candid reader, whether, if all this be true—which we assure him, to the best of our knowledge and belief, it is—we assume too much in saying, that, in the fungus tribe, England possesses a treasure which she too much neglects? and whether those who wish well to the community at large, would not do wisely to enable themselves to pronounce on the character of those fungi which abound throughout the country—that they who are free enough from prejudice to be willing to avail themselves of the abundant yearly supply of food which it has pleased God graciously to bestow, may not be deterred by the impossibility which at present exists of deciding whether that which is offered to them is nourishing food or deadly poison?

We have said but little of the wonderful mode of development of this tribe, the manner in which a living and nutritious mass springs from the decaying trunk of a dead tree, the hard tufa-rock, or the dried and exhausted animal excretions which have lain for months under the influence of drenching rains and scorching sunbeams. The workings of the Creator are indeed to us unfathomable. Few things among the works of creation are more mysterious than the manner in which fungus-life is made to permeate all nature. 'Nothing perishes in nature,' says Dr Badham; '*destructio unius matrix alterius*: life may change titles, but never becomes extinct: so soon as the more perfect

plant dies, a host of other vegetable existences, hitherto enthralled by laws of an organisation superior to their own, now that the connection has been discovered, put forth their separate energies, and severally assert their independence: the poplar may have perished, root, stem, and branch, but its extinction is only the signal for other existences, which had been heretofore bound up and hid within its own, to assert themselves; and accordingly a polyporus sprouts out here, here a Thelephora embellishes the dead bark, and here an agaric springs out of the decaying fibres of its head; these in turn also decay; but as they languish away, they moulder into a new kind of fungus-life, of an inferior type to the last, as if their own vitality were inferior in kind to that of the decayed poplar whence they lately issued.'

LOST ON DARTMOOR.

FEW roam the heath e'en when the sun,
The golden sun, is high;
And the leaping laughing streams are bright,
And the lark is in the sky.

But when upon the ancient hills
Descends the giant cloud,
And the lightning leaps from tor to tor,
And the thunder-peal is loud:

Heaven aid that hapless traveller, then,
Who o'er the wild may stray,
For bitter is the moorland storm,
And man is far away!

CARRINGTON.

We often hear of the 'green lanes of Devonshire;' and truly those to whom they are familiar, who have threaded their windings, and plucked the beautiful flowers and waving ferns that grow so luxuriantly in their hedges, will not be inclined to depreciate their loveliness. Mention is more rarely made of the wilds of Dartmoor, albeit the poet Carrington has sweetly sung their many charms, and woven into spirit-stirring verse the time-honoured legends that give an additional touch of romance to many a rugged tor and quaking bog. For the lover of the picturesque, for the true worshipper of nature, who delights to escape from the din of cities and the crush of crowds, to roam where mortal foot hath rarely been, or climb the trackless mountain with the wild flock, free as the pure breath of heaven that plays around its base, and kisses its crested top—those eloquent solitudes will ever have numberless attractions; whilst to the chafed spirit, and the heart over which deep shadows brood, they afford soothing and solace; for even the little wild-flowers that stud the heath, and are so exquisitely fashioned, speak with a still small voice of the goodness of the Great Designer, whose tender mercies are over all his works.

Dartmoor is a granitic table-land, in the south-western part of the county of Devon. It is twenty miles in length, with an average breadth of eleven or twelve, and towards the north attains its greatest elevation in Cawsand Hill, which is 1792 feet above the sea-level. Instead, however, of being a flat expanse like Salisbury Plain, the ground is most uneven—here sinking into deep ravines, and there rising into gigantic tors; indeed, it has not inaptly been compared to the 'long rolling waves of a tempestuous ocean, fixed into solidity by some instantaneous and powerful impulse.' The younger Carrington, in speaking of the scenery met with in a walk from Shaugh Bridge to Sheep-Tor, describes it as follows:—'Huge crumbling rocks are piled on each other in fearful array, and some are half suspended in air. At irregular distances tower several craggy knolls, composed of disjointed masses of granite, hurled together in magnificent confusion, as if the genius of earthquake had stridden in wrath along the

hills, and these were the traces of his mighty footsteps. The rocks, however, are everywhere rendered beautiful by the magic hand of nature, which has clothed them with lichens of a thousand hues, and hung their shivered scalps with wreaths of the flaunting woodbine. Here and there the vagrant fancy may picture ruined donjon keeps, whose only banner is now the purple heath-bell, or the gorgeously speckled foxglove—watch-towers, whose only warder's voice is the hum of the summer bee revelling in the cup of a drooping wild-flower—and cathedral choirs, whose only anthem is the lonely chant of a hermit-bird.'

Tors innumerable throw their dark shadows athwart the moorland. The word 'tor' is Celtic, and signifies a beacon or fire-tower; and many of them—such as High Tor, South Brent-Tor, Three-Barrow-Tor, and Cawsand-Tor—were formerly used as such. Those who take the trouble to scale their rocky heights, are amply rewarded. Standing, for instance, on Three-Barrow-Tor, the eye, rapid as thought, can traverse the distance from Portland, in Dorsetshire, to the Lizard, in Cornwall. It also takes in at a glance the Blackdown Hills in Somersetshire, and the South-Hams of Devon, Plymouth Sound, with the adjacent scenery, and the British Channel. 'Sheep-Tor's dark brown rock' towers majestically aloft from a base covering 100 acres. Half-way up is a grotto, in which are seats and a spring of the purest water to refresh the wayfarer. In the mind of the peasant this is associated with the Pixies, or Devonshire fairies, whose palace he believes it to be; and he seldom withdraws without depositing some eatable as an offering. It is related that an artist took refuge here during the Civil Wars, and adorned the walls with paintings, since which time it has been the occasional resort of gipsies and smugglers. In the tor itself are small deposits of silver, lead, copper, cobalt, and manganese, whilst in the river below, 'prills of gold' have been found; indeed, a miner is said to have obtained, some years ago, a sufficient quantity to sell for about L.40 in Plymouth. The granite of Dartmoor contains felspar crystals of unusual size, and is much valued for the largeness of the blocks, as well as for its durability and fineness of texture. It is transported from the quarries by means of the Dartmoor railroad, which passes through a beautiful country, and has a length of more than twenty-five miles. This railroad, or tramroad, was opened for traffic 26th September 1823.

A great number of rivers have their origin in the water-absorbing soil of Dartmoor; indeed, no fewer than fifty-three streams of all sizes may be reckoned. After rain, many of these acquire a dark-brown coffee colour; hence the names Cherrybrook, Blackabrook, Redfordbrook, &c. The romantic Dart, the sylvan Plym, the Teign, and the Tavy, from which the Moor, as well as the towns of Plymouth, Teignmouth, and Tavistock, severally derive their names, all rise in this highland region. The prison at Prince Town is well worth inspection; its site is 1400 feet above the sea-level. At one time during the war, 10,000 prisoners were confined within its walls. The botanist will find in Dartmoor a welcome banquet. The ground is in many places covered with rich masses of vegetation, composed of lichen and moss, relieved by the purple glow of the heath (*Erica*), which here flowers in every variety. The beautiful round-leaved sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*) sparkles like a thousand diamonds, the delicate white stone-crop (*Sedum album*) with its wax-like petals, the tormentilla, the elegant polygala, the thyme-leaved speedwell (*Veronica serpyllifolia*), the modest eyebright (*Euphrasia officinalis*), the dwarf red-rattle (*Pedicularis sylvatica*), the rose-coloured blossoms of the bog-pimpernel (*Anagallis tenella*), the yellow flowers of the bog-asphodel (*Narthecium ossifragum*), and the little white bed-straw (*Galium saxatile*), each breathing a poetry of its own, vie with each other in adorning this carpet of nature's weaving. The gay furze (*Ulex Europæus*) is not

unfrequently seen covered with the parasitic dodder (*Cuscuta epithymum*); whilst high up on the rugged tor, lichens, mosses, and clustering ivy, still paint the sterile soil. Here and there occur rings formed of irregular masses of granite, which are supposed to be the ruins of British round-houses, though some contend for Druidical remains, or sheep-enclosures; and there are doubtless a few who believe that none but the Pixies could have made those mystic circles. Throwing himself on the ground, the tourist is soon lost in contemplation—a brook is bubbling at his feet, the wild picturesque Moor, one rocky crag piled upon another, is all around; the light clouds flit across the summer sky; and here, where erst the early inhabitants of this island lived their wild life, he wonders what strange hands shaped and placed those crumbling stones.

It was on a fine afternoon last summer, when the weather seemed completely settled, that I set out with a friend upon a country walk, intending to return by way of the Moor; not a cloud dimmed the blue vault of heaven to the utmost verge of the horizon. We took the road to Ivy Bridge, and after examining the stupendous railway viaduct, with its massive granite piers, about which many a doleful prophecy was uttered before the railway was opened, and which, for the credit of the seers, should long since have tottered down, bringing with them railway, train, and passengers, to meet a worse fate than the Philistines whom Samson slew at his death; and after watching the Erme as, swollen by the rains, it danced and foamed over its rocky bed, and rushed madly on through the village, as if impatient to mingle its waters with the sea, we pushed up its wooded banks to Harford Bridge, and then getting on the Moor, made direct, as we supposed, for Ugborough Beacon. But evening was now throwing around her sombre shadows, and the thick fog, till then seen in the distance, advanced like an evil spirit, creeping over the highest hills, and descending into the deepest valleys. Rain pours down, the gloom increases, landmarks disappear, and all is now a waste as trackless as the Great Sahara. There is no moon to give its cheering light, nor pole-star to indicate the north. Through bog and brier, for many a mile, we wend our weary way. Hour after hour wings its flight, and brings us no nearer deliverance, till at length we strike into a road, rough and rugged, it is true, but still a *bona fide* road, in which ruts are deeply marked; hope revives, and we plod along its devious path, conjuring up many a tale of those who had lost themselves and perished on the Moor. The road, however, proves but a snare and a delusion, coming abruptly to a termination, after leading us further than ever from our route. But hark! a glad sound strikes upon the ear: it is the gush of water. We near the spot, and lo! a broad stream ripples over its pebbly bed; it is a river, perhaps the Erme; and according to the wise suggestion of my friend, after ascertaining which way it flows, we follow its welcome guidance, lighted here and there by the glowworm's friendly lamp. It is, however, no easy task to walk along its banks—here through yielding bog, and there over rough rocks and yawning chasms; but perseverance conquers; and just as the gray dawn begins to streak the heavens, we arrive, faint and weary, at Harford Bridge.

It is well to be acquainted with the fact, that when lost on Dartmoor, the best chance of escape is to follow the course of a river, or some tributary stream. The wanderer should descend into a valley, for there either one or the other can generally be found, and thus he may procure an unerring guide, which will sooner or later lead him to cultivated land and the habitation of man; otherwise, in endeavouring to find his way, he may walk round and round, and, like the doomed in the Grecian Tartarus, never arrive, with all his labour, nearer the attainment of his object. Many have thus wandered hither and thither, without guide or compass,

till they have died of fatigue and inanition; and in a snow-storm, when the plan just mentioned cannot be put in practice, or at least not so easily, there is little hope of deliverance; an instance of which occurred only last winter, when the soldiers from Prince Town were sepulchred in the drifting snow.

In the neighbourhood of the Moor, many tales may be heard of those who have lost their lives on the wild waste. A tradition has existed time out of mind, and which I have heard with various amplifications, of the melancholy fate of a bold hunter, the Nimrod of the Moor, who loved the mountain chase and mountain liberty, but was at last overwhelmed in a snow-storm. Even now, the shuddering peasant likes to tell the story.

And when the Christmas tale goes round

By many a peat fireside,
The children list, and shrink to hear
How Childe of Plymstoke died!

It was a cheerless winter-morning, lowering, and ominous of snow and storm, that the rash huntsman resolved to range the forest in search of the noble red deer; but nothing daunted, and followed by a goodly company, he led the way.

With cheer and with shout, the jovial rout
The old Tor hurried by;

And they startled the morn with the merry horn,
And the stanch hound's echoing cry!

The moorland eagle, the hawk and the raven, were scared from their prey, whilst on dashed the daring band, through rock-strewn glen and the river's bed.

But gallantly that noble deer
Defies the eager throng;
And still through wood, and brake, and fen,
He leads the chase along.

Meanwhile, the wind whistles and howls around the old tors; now coming in fitful gusts, and then dying away in low murmurs, as if retiring to some rocky cavern, there to gather strength. The huntsmen take warning, and one by one fly to shelter, till all are gone, and Childe pursues his way alone across the darkening Moor.

He threaded many a mazy bog,
He dashed through many a stream;
But spent, bewildered, checked his steed,
At evening's latest gleam.

For, far and wide, the highland lay
One pathless waste of snow;
He paused—the angry heaven above,
The faithless bog below.

Alas! will he never more lead on his merry huntsmen, nor hear the hound's deep bay? Must he in the heyday of manhood perish in that awful solitude? Though stout of heart and strong of limb, he can go no further.

He paused—and soon through all his veins
Life's current feebly ran;
And, heavily, a mortal sleep
Came o'er the dying man.

With the love of life yet strong, he tries a last resource: he kills his horse, in which, when disembowelled, he hopes to find warmth and shelter.

And on the ensanguined snow that steed
Soon stretched his noble form—
A shelter from the biting blast,
A bulwark to the storm.

But all in vain. The envious snow drifts deeper and deeper around the lifeless horse, and his hapless master resigns himself to the fate that is now inevitable.

Yet one dear wish, one tender thought,
Came o'er that hunter brave—
To sleep at last in hallowed ground,
And find a Christian grave;

And ere he breathed his latest sigh,
And day's last gleam was spent,
He with unfaltering finger wrote
His bloody testament :—

'The fyrste that fyndes and brings me to my grave,
The lands of Plymstoke they shal have.'

It is said that this happened near Fox Tor. Childe, being without family, had previously resolved to endow that church with his lands in which his body should at last repose. The monks of Tavistock hearing of his melancholy end, hastened to seize the corpse, and so possess themselves of the property. They soon learned, however, that some people of Plymstoke were stationed at a certain ford with the intention of rescuing the remains of the huntsman from the wily Benedictines; upon which the latter caused a bridge to be thrown over the river, known afterwards as Guile Bridge. The monks finally accomplished their object, and retained possession of the lands till the dissolution of monasteries, when they were made over to the Russel family.

I will select only one more story, which must bring this paper to a close. A shepherd, whilst one day seeking some stray members of his flock, stumbled upon the emaciated body of a sailor, which to all appearance had remained for some weeks undiscovered. The head rested on a small bundle, whilst at the feet lay outstretched a dog, which had shared his master's fate. Carrington has a poem on this touching scene. It commences:

He perished on the Moor! The pitying swain
Found him outstretched upon the wide, wide plain;
There lay the wanderer by the quivering bog,
And at his foot his patient, faithful dog.

The poet then goes on, as fancy dictates, to describe the sailor's deeds of daring in other lands, and how he

—Nobly dared, in danger's every form,
The ocean battle and the ocean storm;
Undaunted stood where on the blood-red wave
The death-shot pealed among the English brave;
Or scaled the slippery yard, where, poised on high,
As the dread lightning burned along the sky,
He fearless hung, though yielding to the blast
Beneath him groaned the rent and trembling mast.

At last 'all danger's o'er,' he reaches his native land, and, with swelling heart and rapid foot, he presses on across the untrodden Moor, to the well-remembered spot where stands his native village, with its much-loved church, and, in imagination, he even hears the music of its bells. Many other pleasant dreams beguile his lonely way; but, alas!

Illusions all! down rushed the moorland night;
He met the mountain tempest in its might.
No guide to point the way, no friend to cheer;
Gloom on his path, the fateful snow-storm near!

All by-gone perils he encountered in company with hearts as dauntless as his own, and

'Twas sympathy that all his toils assuaged.

But now he is alone with his faithful dog; he has no compass, and wanders about in the thickening storm, until, overcome with fatigue and sleep, he lies down to rise no more, his dog still watching by his side.

Thrice gallant brute! that through the weary day
Shared all the perils of the lonely way;
Faced the fierce storm, and, by his master's side,
In the cold midnight, laid him down and died!

And so both master and dog took a long, long rest, and there remained through many a wintry day, till the good peasant stumbled upon them, and pitied the fate of the hapless sailor—

So cold, so pale, so shrunk that manly brow,
That lip so mute, that eye so rayless now.

The highland shepherd, though his help came all too late to stay the cold hand of death, did what he could—

He saw and felt, and mourning at the doom
Of the poor stranger, bore him to his tomb
In the lone moorland church-yard: yet no stone
Records his name—his home, his race, unknown;
And nought remains of him in village lore
But this sad truth: he perished on the Moor!

THE VAMPIRE BAT.

Ijorra shot a large bat of the vampire species, measuring about two feet across the extended wings. This is a very disgusting-looking animal, though its fur is very delicate, and of a glossy, rich maroon colour. Its mouth is amply provided with teeth, looking like that of a miniature tiger. It has two long and sharp tusks in the front part of each jaw, with two smaller teeth, like those of a hare or sheep, between the tusks of the upper jaw, and four, much smaller, between those of the lower. There are also teeth back of the tusks, extending far back into the mouth. The nostrils seem fitted as a suction apparatus. Above them is a triangular, cartilaginous snout, nearly half an inch long, and a quarter broad at the base; and below them is a semicircular flap, of nearly the same breadth, but not so long. I suppose these might be placed over the puncture made by the teeth, and the air underneath exhausted by the nostrils, thus making them a very perfect cupping-glass. I never heard it doubted, until my return home, that these animals were blood-suckers; but the distinguished naturalist, Mr T. R. Peale, tells me that no one has ever seen them engaged in the operation, and that he has made repeated attempts for that purpose, but without success. I observed no apparatus proper for making a delicate puncture. The tusks are quite as large as those of a rat, and, if used in the ordinary manner, would make four wounds at once—producing, I should think, quite sufficient pain to awaken the most profound sleeper. Never having heard this doubt, it did not occur to me to ask the Indians if they had ever seen the bat sucking, or to examine the wounds of the horses that I had seen bleeding from this supposed cause. On one occasion I found my blanket spotted with blood, and supposed that the bat, having gorged himself on the horses outside, had flown into the house, and fastening himself to the thatch over me, had disgorged upon my covering, and then flown out. There was no great quantity of blood, there being but five or six stains on the blanket, such as would have been made by large drops. I presumed, likewise, from the fact of the drops being scattered irregularly over a small surface, that the bat had been hanging by his feet to the thatch, and swinging about. The discovery of the drops produced a sensation of deep disgust; and I have frequently been unable to sleep for fear of the filthy beast. Every traveller in these countries should learn to sleep with body and head enveloped in a blanket, as the Indians do.—*Herndon's Valley of the Amazon.*

INSTANTANEOUS FLOWERING OF PLANTS.

The plants selected—a group of geraniums and a rose-tree—were planted in two rather deep boxes of garden mould, previously prepared with some chemical manure, and were then covered with glass-shades. Mr Herbert proceeded to pour over the roots, from a small watering-pot, a chemical mixture, which caused a great heat, as was shown by an intense steam of vapour evolved within the shades, and allowed to some extent to escape through a small hole in the top, which at first was kept closed. The effect upon the geraniums was almost instantaneous, the buds beginning to burst in five or six minutes, and the plants being in full bloom within ten minutes, when the blossoms were gathered by Mr Herbert, and distributed amongst the ladies present.—*Year-book of Facts.*

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